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A POEM TO THE MEMORY

Of the Reverend

Mr. *Joseph Stennett.*

By *JOHN QUINCY.*

Quis Desiderio sit Pudor, aut Modus
Tam cari Capitis? --------

Multis Ille Bonis flebilis occidit. Hor.

LONDON,
Printed; and Sold by *A. Baldwin*, at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*: *J. Noon*, at the *White Hart*, in *Cheap-Side*. And *T. Harrison*, at the *West-Corner* of the *Royal Exchange*. 1713.

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TO mourn the Loſs of a Departed Friend,
To Others his Example to commend,
To raiſe thoſe Actions eminently bright,
And draw his VERTUES in a proper Light,
That growing Ages may the ſame live o're,
And be that Pattern he has been before.
For this the *MUSE* has oft employ'd her Art,
With Pious Sorrow touch'd each Generous Heart,
'Till every Breaſt with Emulation ſwells,
As the Great Loſs, with Decent Grief, She tells.

By Thee, Oh! *STENNETT, CRUSO* yet ſurvives,
And *TAYLOR* in thy Verſe inſtructive lives,
Their Bright Examples ſtill our Boſoms warm,
And ſhew in every Grace its proper Charm;
That TRUE RELIGION is a Real Thing,
And what Firm Joys from Conſcious Vertue ſpring.

Thy

Thy Country too, (ſuch was thy tuneful Skill)
In Manly Verſe enjoys her *NASSAU* ſtill;
In Him the SOLDIER and the PATRIOT views,
And thro' each Scene His Glorious Life perſues;
Urg'd by th' Ungrateful, who their Harps unſtrung;
Thou could'ſt not ſee that Glorious Theme unſung;
The Strings were touch'd by thy harmonious Hand,
And Airs Divine aroſe at thy Command.

But who, with Equal Skill, thy Worth ſhall raiſe,
Embalm thy Name, and celebrate thy Praiſe?
Who can with equal Strength and Charms rehearſe
Thy matchleſs Vertues in becoming Verſe?
Tell o're a Life ſo eminently Great,
Thy wondrous Worth and Pious Cares repeat,
In Proper Order every Action dreſs,
And in each Line ſome Shining Grace expreſs.

Oh! *COLLET* had not HEAVEN for Unknown Ends,
Far call'd thee from thy Country and thy Friends,
Thy *STENNETT*'s Hearſe ſhould ne'r go unadorn'd,
But with becoming Solemn Grief be mourn'd;
Thy ſelf would be harmonious in thy Woe,
Thy Sorrow would in Tuneful Numbers flow;
Such Tuneful Numbers as did thee inſpire,
When firſt thy Raviſh'd Soul hung on his Lyre,
Thou wouldſt upon this melancholy Theme,
Repay thoſe Numbers which thou learn'dſt from him.
If yet in burning Climes and painful Strife
Of dangerous Toils, Heaven ſtill preſerves thy Life,
When firſt thou hear'ſt the mournful Story told,
Start not ---------- but firmly keep thy Hold
On that ſure Hope that makes the Vertuous bold.

As thou'rt a Man, ſome ſilent Tears will flow,
A groaning Breaſt thy bitter Sorrow ſhow;
But yet, Oh! yet, be moderate in thy Woe;
Think ſtill thy Country worthy thy Return,
And ſuch as daily do thy Abſence mourn.

Where ſhall the *MUSE* begin her mournful Tale,
And *STENNETT* in harmonious Tears bewail,
How will ſhe trace the Saint in every Line?
And how the POET with the PROPHET joyn!
How will ſhe the advent'rous Task perſue?
And in full Luſtre the bright Image ſhew!

In faithful Lines his private Vertues tell,
Say how in every Part he did excell;
Regardful always of an happy End,
The warmeſt Chriſtian, and the trueſt Friend:
Tell o're the PARENT in his pious Care,
Happy in filial Love, and filial Fear,
The HUSBAND view in Life's uneven Way
His Faith, his Truth, his Conſtancy diſplay.

Mourn Him, ye Friends, to whom he did impart
The free Diſcoveries of an honeſt Heart;
Who with Him oft in ſweeteſt Converſe joyn'd,
And from his clear Idea's ſtor'd the Mind:
Lament your Loſs, depriv'd of him below,
And in your Tears unfeigned Sorrow ſhew.

Ye tender Relicks, weep around his Urn,
The beſt of Friends, the beſt of Fathers, mourn;
Your ſure Support ſnatch'd from your early Years,
Demands the Tribute of your pious Tears.

From hence paſs o're the too afflicting Tale,
And in ſoft Numbers next the BARD bewail,
RELIGION only could his *MUSE* inſpire,
And Friendſhip's ſacred Tyes his Boſom-Fire,
No pleaſing Flattery ſooth'd the Crimes of Men,
Nor *Pagan* Deities defil'd his Pen;
But to his *GOD* and *Conſcience* ever true,
Firſt juſtly thought, then did thoſe Thoughts perſue.
Oh! How our Souls have on his Numbers hung,
Unheeded, drawn by the inchanting Song!
How juſt his Thoughts appear, his Turns how fine!
How bright his Figures in Deſcription ſhine!
In eaſy Stroaks the pleaſing Image lyes,
And ſoft Perſwaſions from his Accents riſe!

But, Who can follow Him with equal Fire?
When his dear SAVIOUR does his Thoughts inſpire!
When he addreſſes his Immortal King,
In what ſweet Notes does he his Praiſes ſing!
How does he on the pleaſing Subject dwell?
And what he's done for us in Tranſport tell!
Who can perſue Him in the gloomy Way?
And trace his Saviour up to *Golgotha!*
View all the Horrors in his *Boſom met,*
While every Pore diſcharg'd *a bloody Sweat;*
Deſerted by his Friends, by One betray'd,
And with a treacherous Kiſs a Captive made:
See the Rocks rend by his expiring Groans,
Whilſt the torn Vail his ſacred Prieſthood owns!

What Heart ſo hard but muſt relenting dye?
What Tears muſt flow from the diſſolving Eye?
To ſee his *GOD*, to ſee his Saviour dye!

Such was the POET, ſuch his charming Voice,
And ſuch the Subjects of his Pious Choice;
Such ſacred Notes upon his Lyre hung,
The ſtrongeſt POET with the ſweeteſt Tongue.

But now my *MUSE*, begin a nobler View,
Forſake the POET, and the SAINT perſue!
Trace Him to *Zion*'s Hill, the Mount of *GOD*,
And ſee the PROPHET in his Work employ'd;
Tell how his Mind was turn'd to finiſh'd Senſe,
And how his Words for ſofteſt Eloquence!
How did He Knowledge to the Mind impart,
The ſtrongeſt Reaſon with the greateſt Art;
Myſterious Truths in every Word convey,
And ſacred Wiſdom in its Force diſplay!
How do our Souls to *Pure Religion* move?
Drawn by the Tidings of a SAVIOUR's Love!
His Words did always eaſy Paſſage find,
To calm the Troubles of a wounded Mind:
Lead the poor Sinner to the cleanſing Flood,
And bath his Conſcience in redeeming Blood.
How has he taught to curb each wild Deſire,
And quench the Heat of every lawleſs Fire!
Tell us the Bliſs that from right Reaſon flows,
And the true Joys of Piety diſcloſe;
That thus o'recome by Vertue's brighter Charms,
We yield our ſelves to her all conquering Arms;

Both Soul and Body to her Ways reſign,
And all our Deeds conform to Laws Divine.

But we no more that charming Voice ſhall hear,
No more the SAINT will in our Streets appear.
For ſuch a Loſs what Sorrow ſhould we ſhow?
What Floods of Tears on ſuch Occaſion flow?
When ſuch a Man of God, a Prophet dyes,
No common Grief ſhould wait his Obſequies!
A common Loſs for common Sorrow calls,
The Nation trembles when a *PROPHET* falls.

Ye little Flock, whom oft your Preacher warm'd,
(Whoſe Souls exulted while his Accents charm'd,)
Where is your *Father*, where your *Paſtor* fled!
What Sins have robb'd you of your Reverend Head!
What Crime could *Prayer* of all its Force diſarm!
And deafen HEAVEN to her All-conqu'ring Charm!
Whoſe Cries have Priſon-Gates, and Bars undone,
And wak'd a *Laz'rus* in the Silent Tomb!

Oh! Wond'rous Man, whom haſt thou left behind?
And where ſhall we the Prophet's Mantle find!
Who has Poſſeſſion of thy humble Heart,
And unto whom didſt thou thy Skill impart!

Where is that goodly Look, inviting Mein?
The juſt Reſemblance of his Soul within!
Divine Perſwaſion, with a heav'nly Grace,
Dwelt on his Lips, and Pity on his Face;
No PREACHER's Accents ever did reveal
Such tender Love, mixt with ſuch ardent Zeal.

How

How did his Word like heav'nly Lightning dart?
Scarce touch the Body while they melt the Heart.
That ORATOR muſt ſurely be obey'd,
Whoſe Mein is Eloquent, whoſe Looks perſwade;
Who with his own do's others Paſſions raiſe,
And to their Breaſts his very Soul conveys.

But now prepare thy Farewel Tears to ſhed,
As thou draw'ſt near the Confines of the Dead.
Behold the CHRISTIAN in the laſt great Strife,
Recount his Actions on the Cloſe of Life;
Say how becoming he reſign'd his Breath,
And calmly yielded to the Stroke of Death.

How *ZION* mourns! how hangs her Widow'd Head!
To ſee her Envoy Death's dark Regions tread,
The gloomy Vale from whence there's no Return;
And where no more Life's lambent Flame will burn:
Where blackeſt Night, without one Glimpſe of Day,
Do's all its Horrors to our Thoughts diſplay.

The Awakening *PIGGOTT* firſt reſigns his Breath,
Nor cou'd our Prayers retard his early Death:
Call'd in his Strength of Life, his Work is done,
Call'd from his Labours to poſſeſs a Crown.

Oh! *PIGGOTT*, little did we think thine End
Would ſoon be follow'd by thy Deareſt Friend;
Tho' weighty Cares employ'd his Thoughtful Breaſt,
And for thy Loſs with deepeſt Grief oppreſt;
Yet this he conquer'd, and with Pious Dread,
Paid his *Laſt Office* to the *Reverend Dead*.
How did thy *STENNETT* tell thy Bleſt Abode!
How did he trace thee to the Seat of GOD!

How charm our Souls, and raiſe each ſtrong Deſire?
And by his Heav'n-born Thoughts the Mind inſpire!
Oh! How the Audience on his Accents hung,
When thy bright Memory employ'd his Tongue:
In what tranſporting Strains did he ſet forth
Thy Wond'rous Goodneſs, and thy Matchleſs Worth?
But, Oh! what Agonies transfix'd each Soul,
When down his Cheeks the Pious Tears did roul;
When broken Pauſes had untun'd his Breath,
And interrupted Accents ſpoke thy Death!

Oh! May *Thy Name* for ever have a Part
With thy *Dear Friend* in every grateful Heart;
Had HEAV'N his precious Life but longer ſpar'd,
For Thee his *Tuneful Notes* he had prepar'd,
For Thee had poured out the Beſt Perfume,
And ſcatter'd Choiceſt Odours o're thy Tomb;
But HEAV'N thought fit the PROPHET to remove,
From *Mourning here* with us, to *Sing* with thee *Above.*

See how the MUSE avoids th' approaching Scene,
And ſhifts inſenſibly the mournful Theme,
In Day-Light fain would longer draw her Breath,
And turns reluctant to the Paths of Death:
But *'tis Decreed*, That *STENNETT* too muſt fall,
By that deſtructive Hand that levels all;
Protracted Ills weigh down the yielding Frame,
And *Noxious Vapours* damp the *Vital Flame*,
Inſenſibly the *Conſtitution* wears
With *Painful Study*, and with *Conſtant Cares*:
The *Organs* moſt employ'd do firſt refuſe
Their wonted Task, and *Vital Functions* looſe;

The

The *Lungs* forget t' expire the Stagnant Air,
The *Spirits* ceaſe to run their ſwift Career;
The *Heart irregular* begins to beat,
And warm the purple Streams with wonted Heat;
Relaxed Muſcles all the Limbs unbrace,
And *Death* erects his Image in the Face.

Ye ſolemn Mourners, who his Bed attend,
Take your laſt Leave of your departing Friend:
And as you weep, obſerve the awful Strife,
The dying Groan, and the laſt Tugg of Life!
How the decaying Fire but faintly burns,
Now ſeems to diſappear, and then returns,
Streaks o're the Features with a Hat'ring Red,
Then quite forſakes them, gaſtly pale, and dead.
See, how the Soul ſtruggles to make her Way
From long Confinement, to her native Day,
The heavenly Proſpect opens to her Sight,
And airy Miniſters ſuſtain her Flight.
To keep the PROPHET here we ſtrove in vain,
His Fight is done, which well he did maintain;
To all the Cares below he bids Farewell,
And mounts the Regions where juſt Spirits dwell.

Bleſt Man, who conquer'd all the Ills below,
Bleſt in his *GOD*, ſhall laſting Pleaſures know;
No more he grieves the Churches mournful State,
But views the various Turnings of her Fate;
He ſees how regular the Winding runs,
Fir'd with th' approaching Scene, in Tranſport burns.

Reſt now, bleſt Soul, ſecure from Care and Grief,
'Till the laſt Trump ſhall wake a World to Life;

When

When all the Good which thou haſt done below,
In beauteous Order then thy *GOD* ſhall ſhew;
Thy Pray'rs, thy Tears, all for Acceptance preſs,
And not one Vertue fail of wiſh'd Succeſs:
When all, whom thou to Piety haſt form'd;
Thoſe Souls, who firſt were by thy Teaching warm'd;
Whoſe Hands were ſtrength'ned by thy pious Care,
And Feet deliver'd from the Tempter's Snare,
Shall give thee Joys beyond our Reach ſublime,
Joys only known by Souls enlarg'd like thine.

Stop here, my *MUSE*, a too impetuous Flight,
Leaſt thou grow giddy with exceſſive Height;
Too ſteep th' Aſcent for Infant Wings to fly,
The View too diſtant for a mortal Eye,
To leave Earth, Clouds, and Air, and trace the ſtarry Sky.
Oh! Who can point the Place, who mark the Way
To the bright Manſions of eternal Day!
Where no dark Scenes can perfect Peace annoy,
But Endleſs Praiſe and Love the Mind employ!
Where, without Mixture, Joys the Soul will know,
Which in one conſtant Courſe without Ceſſation flow!

FINIS.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

Medicina Statica: Being the APHORISMS of *Sanctorius*, Tranſlated into *Engliſh*, with large Explanations, wherein is giv'n a Mechanical Account of the Animal Oeconomy, and of the Efficacy of the *Non-Naturals*, either in bringing about, or removing its Diſorders: Alſo, With an *Introduction* concerning Mechanical Knowledge, and the Grounds of Certainty in Phyſick. By *John Quincy*. Printed for *William Newton*, in *Little Britain*.